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From the Charleston Standard.

KING'S MOUNTAIN CELEBRATION.

KING'S MOUNTAIN, October 3d, 1855.

Messrs. Editors:—In my note of yesterday I caught the wave of the great social movement about to culminate at King's Mountain, and rode upon its crest to Yorkville. From thence I was taken up, again with scarce an effort of volition, and have been landed upon the craggy heights of this Mountain region.

The scene is cheering. I have looked to this celebration with much interest, and my hopes are more than realized. Thousands are already present, and along the glens and hill sides, and by every practicable line of approach, and by every conveyance known to the ingenuity of man, they still come. Admonished by the claims of enfeebled constitution, of the propriety of more sufficient shelter than that afforded by the tents that are spread over the whole region round about the Mountain, I have sought a house a mile or two away, and even at this distance, and at this late hour, the streams of people still roll on, and men and women, and youth and age, and lads and lasses, and bouncing babies in the arms of fond mothers all swell the tide which is breaking about the base of King's Mountian.

This may seem grotesque, and perhaps, to persons city bred, a little vulgar, but amusements come but seldom to these secluded regions, and when it is remembered that the occurrence of this occasion will be fire-side themes for years to come, we can see the reason why all should wish to be instructed in them; and when it is remembered that just such people fought the battle we have assembled to commemorate, we cease to be amused at their simplicity in consideration of the nobler qualities which underlie it.

Of some of these qualities we have abundant evidence at present on the battle ground. In passing along by the base of the hill where have been erected tables for provisions, I saw a trench at least one hundred yards long, covered as thick as they could lie with a continued range of carcasses already being barbacued in preparation for to-morrow's entertainment, while hard by was a deposit of the same sort sufficient to freight a schooner. This is a donation to the public, but beside this, almost every gentleman within thirty miles has covered some 30 feet square with osnaburgs and making a private depot of all kinds of provision necessary to the comfort of man and beast, is ready and prepared to entertain everybody who, by any possibility, can need assistance. Remarking upon the multiplicity of contrivances for locomotion, I saw two women driving a fine young colt with a good sized sledge to his heels, and solicitous to see what could be the subject of such a species of transportation, I found it to be the carcass of some animal, which was taken, doubtless, as the widow's contribution to the common store. As it was in the days when the battle was fought, so is it now. The battle itself was a spontaneous offering of patriotism to liberty, and so also are all the offerings to its celebration. Unhardened by too rude a contact with the active world, these simple people have still other motives than those of interest, and consider it a privilege to give their stores away to such a purpose.

When I left the ground it was white with tents, which extended for at least a quarter of a mile along both the roads over which I travelled, coming and leaving. Beyond this confused outline of affairs it is impossible to say more this evening. All, however, is preparation for a grand display to-morrow.

We will have first a parade or some exhibition of the military who are at present encamped upon the slope of the hill, towards the Yorkville road; after this there will be the anniversary oration by Col. Preston; after this a grand parade, and after that again a dinner, in preparation for which there has been constructed at least half mile of tables. Among other preparations, I noticed tents large enough to accommodate two or three hundred people, which are intended for Hotels, where strangers are to stay who have no friends to stay with. In one of these I learn that Mr. Bancroft and Col. Wm. C. Preston will pass the night.

It was feared that there would be a deficiency of conveyances from Yorkville, but no difficulty of the kind occurred—perhaps twice the number could have been accommodated.—The carriages of the whole district are under contribution, and they were amply sufficient for the occasion. If this fact could have been certainly known, the attendance from a distance would doubtless have been greater.—More anon. VIATOR.

THE CELEBRATION.

We are enabled, through the agency of our special reporter, to present a full account of the proceedings at the grand national celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain.

As will be seen by the above letter of our correspondent, the citizens of this and the adjoining States had begun to pour into the place of rendezvous on the 3d instant, and the tents were spread over all the hill sides, and provisions had been garnered up for the accommodation and comfort of every body. In fact, the scene presented on the night before, was not the least important part of this imposing ceremony. The tables loaded with unpurchased plenty, the camp-fires which illuminated the forest, and sent their curling smoke to the welkin studded with innumerable stars, the crowds of visitors who hovered around in animated enjoyment of the strange and gorgeous exhibition the bands of martial music which at different places responded to each other, and the shouts which occasionally broke from various points, and which were echoed and re-echoed from the distant hills, presented together a range of objects that were strangely in contrast with the scenes of common life. The amusements induced by the occasion were protracted to a late hour, and were scarcely stilled to perfect quiet and repose before the encampment was again aroused to preparations for the morning.

With daylight the stream of visitors which had continued to flow during the day before, but which had been arrested as the night advanced, was again in motion, and all over the crests of surrounding hills, and down along their sides, the people swarming to the celebration commenced to pitch their tents and make their preparations for a temporary residence.

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THE ORATION AND ITS INCIDENTS.

It would not be too much to say that the oration which had been promised for this occasion had been looked for with solicitude and interest. The name of the orator so illustrated in this State his own distinction both for abilities and eloquence—his relationship to one of the most distinguished actors in the bloody drama all were assembled to commemorate—the investigation he had been known to have devoted to the facts of this occurrence, but little illustrated by authentic history—had given to his address an importance very much transcending that to have been accorded to an oration upon any ordinary topic of revolutionary history, or to any ordinary address upon this subject. It was hoped that not only the facts, but the sentiment of this great act would find expression, and that by the zeal and genius of the orator, it would be elevated to that higher position in the history of our revolutionary contest to which there is the feeling that it is entitled; nor was the expectation disappointed.—The orator had made his pilgrimage to this shrine of liberty. He had roamed alone among its mountain heights, and, inspired by the spirit of the place and the occasion, he took a tone of bearing and expression which well became a conception of its moral grandeur.

The meeting was called to order by Col. I. D. Witherspoon, to whom, in the absence of his Excellency the Governor, had been assigned the duties of President on the occasion, and who announced that the proceedings would be opened with a prayer by Rev. Mr. Adams. After religious ceremonies were concluded, the orator of the day, Col. John S. Preston, was announced. After a rapid range of remarks upon the physical grandeur of the scene, and the historical event that had made it famous; the course of conquest which had led the commander of the English forces to mountain districts of North Carolina; the gathering of the clans from the mountain heights in the valley of Watauga, to drive him back, the orator came on to a description of the great event we had assembled to commemorate, in language which owed much of its effect to the surrounding circumstances; but which expressing the author's views of [illegible] versy, and being withal, so distinguished for its force and brilliancy of delineations, that we have thought it sufficiently important to make of it a nearly literal report.

"With forced marches this little army dashed swiftly over the mountains, and at the base struck the trail of the wolf, and marked his course by the blood spots he left in his path.—He heard their tramp as they came clattering down the mountain sides, and skulked away to hide or entrench himself here. At Gilbert Town, near Rutherford Court House, whence Ferguson had fled, they stopped a night, and selected about 1100 of their swiftest and strongest men, with good horses, to lead the chase; and without waiting for daylight, off they sprung, with the speed of the wind. The game was a-foot, and to the mountain hunter the chase grew warm. There was no need of leaders or captains then, for each man knew his work, and meant to do it. They were to catch Ferguson, or if Cornwallis came in their way, they were to catch him. Swiftly, but with stern determination, they kept the track, turn aside for nothing, save now and then to shoot a tory, as a bear hunter shoots a rattlesnake, merely to kill the vermin, or keep his rifle from rusting; or if they found a rascal tory skulking about, they stretched him up with a grape vine, practising for a subsequent necessity. The night after leaving Gilbert town, on a short halt in council, the officers selected a chief to act until they could receive orders from Gates. Their little army was composed then of men nearly in equal numbers from Virginia, North and South Carolina. Each band was lead rather than commanded by its own officers. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, Cleaveland, Williams and McDowell were the Colonels, and had all seen hard service either in the Indian wars or in this struggle. After a full deliberation, they unanimously chose Campbell, of Virginia, to command in the approaching fray. He was a man in the vigor of life, not quite 40 years of age, of pure Scotch descent; thoroughly educated in the classics and all the science of the day, and had been a soldier from his earliest manhood. He had married the sister of the famous Patrick Henry, and was the intimate friend of Jefferson, and had joined in all the early movements of resistance.—But having a large family connection and property in Western Virginia, and that region being still subject to imminent perils from the Indians of Tennessee and Kentucky, he declined commissions tendered him in the continental army and Virginia lines, and accepted the honorable, laborious and dangerous post of county lieutenant. In this he succeeded Evan Shelby, the father of his associate in this expedition. He immediately gave the care of his property and family to a kinsman, and devoted himself to the cause of freedom. His manner was grave and dignified, his person strong and graceful, and his courage of the most daring and reckless character; his patriotism of the sternest mould, enthusiastic and uncompromising, with a fierce and relentless hatred to those who refused to join the patriot cause, and withall a skillful, judicious and practical officer. He brought to this expedition 450 men—many of them kinsmen, friends and neighbors of wealth and position equal to his own, and most of them of that true Scotch Irish breed whose fathers had fought for kirk and covenant, and among whose descendants are the Clay's, Calhoun's, Scotts and Taylor's of our day. It was there the merit of the officer and the material of his troop that induced his gallant and patriotic band, to confer on Campbell the chief command. The pioneers of our liberties were far above the filth and dirt of those who seek the bauble of personal glory, at the risk of their country's good; and Shelby and Sevier, and Cleaveland the chivalric Williams and venerable McDowell knew not the base sentiment, they could not stoop to recognize its existence—they could not desecrate the holy spirit of patriotism on its battle fields by petty and contemptible personal jealousies; and may their ever pure spirits from their abode in heaven look down and curse with the scorn and contempt of mankind the mean malice of that traitor-heart that would turn us from our worship here. Yes, my countrymen, our origin runs not back into the dim and misty past which makes demigods of men, but those days of which I speak, which that grey-haired man may have seen, were days of the brightest heroism known in the history of man. These men whose names I have spoken to you, whose names we bear, were heroes of loftier mould, grander proportions, mind and soul, than ever Homer sung, or than those who fought at Thermopylæ or Cannæ, or those who made a monarch swear at Runnymede. They were God-heroes, fighting and dying for Him and His people. Such indeed were the men that sat in council that night, each holding his own horse, and squatting on the bare cold ground. Glory, glory, glory to the buckskin warriors from Lexington to Yorktown, who worked out God's problem for humanity.—With their chosen leader in front, and each man at the head of his own troops, firm in their saddles and fixed in purpose, dark and strong as it was, away they galloped in hot pursuit. There was a pelting rain falling, which rendered every precaution necessary to keep their weapons dry, and they rode with their rifles under their arms. In the morning they stopped a half an hour for an ill provided meal. At 12 o'clock the sky cleared, and they found themselves in three miles of Ferguson's camp on the mountains. They halted under an order passed rapidly along the line—an order, perhaps, the most laconic and appropriate ever given under the circumstances. It was in these words—"Tie up over-coats—pick touch holes—prime fresh—and be ready for the fight."—The officers here determined to divide their forces and attempt to surround the mountain. While engaged in arranging this, an express from Ferguson to Cornwallis was arrested, and his despatches read aloud at the head of the line. In them he said, "I am posted on the *King's* Mountain, and all the rebels out of Hell cannot drive me from it." There was no disorder, no shout, when this was heard, but a grim, quiet smile passed along the ranks, and they struck into a "double gallop." In twenty minutes they were in sight of the British camp, on the cone of the ridge. They drew up along the margin of that little brook, dismounted and tied their horses to swinging limbs. The order of attack was hurriedly made, but with a military skill and judgment that could not be excelled. There was not an error, mistake, or even a miscalculation of time from the onset to the close of the battle. Each column advanced steadily, but rapidly, along the indicated line—these lines tending to a common centre—the British encampment. A scattering fire commenced at once from the British on the centre column, commanded by Campbell and Shelby. In this fire, which continued from five to eight minutes, Major Chronicle was killed. But when Sevier's column—on the right—passed out of the hollow at the head of the brook, the firing commenced in earnest on both sides. The mountaineers proved their skill with most deadly effect, actually driving Ferguson at the very beginning of the action to resort to a direct charge. This charge, headed by a company of British regulars, was worthy of the high name and fame of that service. It was boldly and gallantly made, and forced the patriots back down the mountain; but at that moment, Cleaveland and Williams appeared on the left and poured into the charging columns an awful fire from the rear. The British turned from pushing on Sevier, wheeled and made a terrible dash at Cleaveland and Williams; and with like effect, driving them back. Before they could effect a rout, Campbell and Shelby came up in front, and Sevier had rallied, and from the left and front they poured upon them a telling fire, which compelled them to wheel again. This they did in good order, and having received reinforcements from within the lines, another—the third charge, was made—this directly at the centre column of the Americans. Here again that irresistible British bayonet told its power, and Campbell and Shelby retreated down the ridge, but Cleaveland had rallied—Sevier was still moving forward, and they poured in the most terrific fire on each flank of the enemy. The charge stopped instantly, and Campbell and Shelby's men, hearing the fire and seeing this pause, wheeled and rushed upon the enemy with shouts and huzzas, supposing they were defeated. But a fourth charge was tried. It was too late—the blood of the mountaineer was up—they rushed forward to meet and repulse it, and actually to drive Ferguson within his lines.

This enabled the three patriot columns to meet and literally surround the enemy. Then came the fierce rage of the battle. A circle of fire hemmed the wolf in his stronghold. Well did the English soldier prove his breeding in this hour of danger, and the rascal tory saw that escape from the rifle was but running into the grape vine. The regulars with their bayonets, and the tories with their butcher-knives fastened to the muzzles of their guns, charged on this closing plane with the fierce energy of despair. In vain. The mountain hunter, calmly, but rapidly loading, and deliberately aiming, sent a death messenger in every bullet. At every discharge they moved forward, until there was one narrowing circle of flashing flame, crackling around their victims. At this time the British cavalry were ordered to mount. It was the very thing for the American rifle, as it raised the mark above the bushes, and as each man threw his leg over his horse he tumbled dead on the other side. Ferguson, with a gallantry which seemed to rise with his desperate condition, rode from rank to rank, and post to post, cheering, driving and encouraging his men, until he found his army pressed, actually huddled together on the ridge, and falling as fast as the Americans could load and shoot. He determined on one more desperate charge, and taking his position at the head of his cavalry, in a voice that rose loud above the din of the battle, he summoned his men "to crush the damned rebels into the earth." The summons was heard by the Americons, and one round of their rifles was stopped, and instead of their roar, there was heard only the click of the cock. It was the serpent's low warning of coming death. The pause was but for a moment, when Ferguson and DuPoistre, horse and foot, burst like a avelanche down the mountain side. By the time they came within sixty paces every rifle was loaded and under deadly aim. Ferguson fell at the first discharge, with seven mortal wounds. The patriots rushed forward to meet the shock, as DuPoistre's regulars, with bayonets set and sabres in rest, came crashing down upon them—not Agencourt or Cressy, with all their chivalry, ever felt a shock more fearful than that; but had the heavens then rained British bayonets it could not have stopped those patriots. The destinies of America—perhaps of mankind—depended on the issue. Like martyrs, they went to death—like lions, they rushed to the carnage, iron and soldier—half naked, with blood-shot eyes and parched tongues—pounced upon the charging enemy, until their hot breath and fiery glare was seen and felt by the cowering foe and his bull dog master—and as they crushed, gathering for the last spring, a wild terror-stricken shriek rose above the roar—a cry for mercy—a white flag was run up, and Gods champions shouted victory, liberty."

Concluding this vivid description of the combat, the orator proceeded to expose the historical importance and results of the event, but in consideration of the great length to which the address was necessarily extended by the important objects which forced themselves upon attention, and the fact that having been placed in the hands of the Committee of Arrangement, it will soon be given in extended form before the public, we are constrained to forego our mutilation to a more comprehensive report. It was received at every step of its progress, however, with enthusiastic applause, and it would be but simple justice to add, that it was fully up to the occasion.

At the conclusion of the address, which was honored by a salute from the artillery, and prolonged and reiterated cheers from the immense concourse of people, Col. I. D. Witherspoon, the President of the day, arose, and mentioning that the occasion had been favored by the attendance of one of the most distinguished historians our country had ever [illegible] Hon. George Bancroft, the Statesman, the truthfull and impartial Annalist; his presence amongst us inseparably links his fame with the memories of King's Mountain. We bid him welcome."

This sentiment, and the information it conveyed, was received with many demonstrations of pleasure, and Mr. Bancroft, with some little embarrassment, but with evident interest in the occasion, appeared upon the stand. He was thin, but without the appearance of ill health, and though his head was "sable silvered," and he had quite the appearance of a student, he stood remarkably erect and spoke with a voice as clear in enunciation and distinct in utterance as would have become the vigorous and practised orator. From the tenor of his remarks, which we have been at pains to report with accuracy, it will be seen that he was animated by no unbecoming spirit of complacency, no over-winning solicitude to please, but only by a just perception of the great historic truths of which he was called upon to speak. He said:

"The President of the day assigns me a few minutes to express to you my sincere delight in being a witness of this great panorama of Southern life and beauty and patriotism; and joining with this countless multitude, assembled in the mountain forest under the shadow of the battle ground, and animated by the spirit of the heroes, whose virtues they are gathered to commemorate, I come among you not to address you, but to share silently in the scene; to receive instruction from the eloquent lips of your distinguished orator; to enkindle my own love of country by the fires of your enthusiasm.

No State may celebrate the great events of the American revolution with juster pride than South Carolina. At the very beginning of the struggle in 1765, South Carolina was the first to adhere to a general union; and to her it is due that the colonies then met in Congress.—When in 1774, a tyrannical government endeavored by the slow torture of starvation to crush Boston into submission, South Carolina opened her granaries of rice and ministered abundantly to its relief. While the sons of the Scottish Covenanters in Mecklenburg were the first to sever the connection with Great Britain, and institute government for themselves, the immediate harbinger of the great reform rose within the borders of this State; the victory gained at the Palmetto Fort by Moultrie was the bright and the morning star, which went before the Declaration of American Independence. Wherever the camp-fires of the emigrant shall light up the forests of the West, wherever the history of our country is honestly told, wherever the struggles of brave men in the cause of humanity are respected, high honor will be tendered to the triumph at Kings Mountain and at Cowpen's, and to that sad victory at Eutaw Springs, when the voice of exultation was chastened by sorrow for the brave who fell.

For the North to take an interest in your celebration, is but an act of reciprocity. Every where in my long pilgrimage to be present with you on this occasion, I found evidence of the affection with which the South cherishes the memory of every noble action in behalf of liberty, without regard to place. Beautiful Virginia, land of mountains and lowlands, rich in its soil, abounding in healing springs, and the storehouse of all kinds of mineral wealth, builds a Lexington in the very heart of her most magnificent valley; North Carolina repeats the name in one of the loveliest regions in the world; and South Carolina designates by it the central district of her State.

There is a still stronger reason why the North should give you its sympathy on this occasion. She sent you no aid in the hour of your greatest need. It is a blessed thing to give even a cup of cold water in a right spirit, it was not then possible to give even that. All honor must be awarded to the South, since she was left to herself alone, in the hour of her utmost distress.

The romance of the American Revolution has its scenes for the most part in the South; and the battle of King's Mountain, of which we celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary today, was the most romantic of all.

The achievement was opportune. The American army for the South was routed and dispersed; Charleston was in the power of the enemy; the government scattered; the paper currency all but worthless, Gadsden a prisoner, doomed to the dungons of St. Augustine; Sumter forced to retire beyond the State, on the one side, and Pickens on the other; Cornwallis hoping "to extinguish the rebellion" by a system of imprisonment and confiscation, and promising himself, that before winter "the whole country South of the Delaware would be subjected." The genius of liberty never bows his head in despair; but there was cause for anxiety—the faultless partizan, the lion-hearted Marion, stood alone in his impenetrable fastnesses as the sentinel of Carolina.

Such was the almost hopeless distress, of which the tidings penetrated the hardy dwellers on the Watauga, the Nollichucky, and the three forks of Holston. All the difficulties which stood in their way could not make them hesitate. They had distance to overcome in collecting their forces, but swift runners hurried up the valley; they had to cross the highest range of the Alleghanies, where there was not so much as a bridle path; they could drive no beeves, but must depend mainly on parched corn for their sustenance; meeting from remote districts, they had to organize themselves on the instant for action with unity.

The movement commends itself still more to our admiration as a voluntary act of patriotism. It was planned by no Congress—it was ordered by no Executive. All that is best, springs from the heart, and the expedition to King's Mountain sprung from the heart of the common people west of the Alleghanies. They were cheered by no martial music, as your orator has truly observed; they had no gilded banners, no nodding plumes; they were Southern farmers in their every day dress, come to exercise, though in a most signal manner, their every-day courage and love of country and virtue [illegible] those from which they encountered [illegible] Do you think I refer to the fact that they attacked an enemy superior in numbers and still more in the munitions of war, posted on yonder height which you see is precipitously steep, and bristling with the slaty rock which crops out all along its sides and summit? No. Those things had for them no terror. But their departure, they knew, was the signal for British emissaries to excite hordes of worthless savages to burn their homes and murder their wives and children. Every breeze from the West might seem to bring to their ears the echo of the Indian's war-whoop, the dying groans of those they loved best. This was the fear which they had to cast under foot.

Let us rejoice, then, that the success of the men engaged at King's Mountain was, as they expressed it, "complete to a wish." The firing was as heavy as could be conceived for the numbers engaged; the dislodging of the enemy from their advantageous situation was "equal to driving men from stoney breastworks;" the vigor of their resistance is proved by their holding out, 'till every third man among them was wounded or slain; and of all the British force which was to have formed the central point of British power in the back country, and which Ferguson had commended to Cornwallis for its courage and ability, not more than twenty, perhaps not even one of the survivors escaped captivity.

To finish the picture of this battle, the consequences of the victory must be called to mind. It struck dismay into the tories, and checked the concerted system of house-burning and domestic carnage which was filling Carolina with the deadliest horrors of civil war; it was "the turning point" of victory which cheered on Sumter, and Col. Washington and Morgan to their successes, and enabled Greene to collect an army; it was the "fatal" blow which utterly concerted the plans of Cornwallis, and forced him into that change of policy which had its end at Yorktown. The men of that day fought, not for Carolina, not for the South; they fought for America and for humanity, and the ultimate effects of their heroism cannot yet be measured. The States are bound together by commerce, and dove-tailed by canals, and rivers, and railroads; but the recollection of the crowded hours of this glorious action of our fathers speaks to the heart, and makes us feel, more than all the rest, that we are one people.

Let the battle ground before us be left no longer as private property; let it be made the inheritance of the people, that is, of all who are heirs to the benefits that were gained on the day which we commemorate. Let a monument rise upon its peak as a memorial of the heroism of fathers—as an evidence of the piety of their sons. The deeds that were there performed bid us ever renew our love of country. Let the passion for freedom flow forth perennially, like the fountains that gush in crystal purity from your hill sides; let the Union stand like your own mountains, which the geologists tell us are the oldest and firmest in the world."

MEMENTOS OF THE BATTLE,—CASUALTIES, &c.

At the close of the address by Mr. Bancroft, the President of the day announced that a dinner was in preparation, to which all were invited, but in the meantime that the meeting would join in the more formal proceedings proper to the occasion, and that the regular toasts would be proposed; and upon appointment to that end, Edward Moore, Esq., appeared at the stand and read them thirteen in number, which were received with hearty applause.

After the reading of the regular toasts, Mr. Sam'l. W. Melton presented to the audience a rifle, with the following words: "I hold in my hand, fellow-citizens, one of the rifles which, with the true aim and steady nerve of the hardy backwoodsman, dealt death and destruction to the foe upon the height of King's Mountain. It was borne by William White, a native of Chester District, who served on the day of battle in Capt. Lacey's company, attached to Col. Williams' command. In the care of Capt. Mills, of the Calhoun Guards, Chester District sends this most welcome contribution to the festivities of the occasion. Three cheers for the old Rifle."

Following this, Col. Preston handed to him the sword of William Campbell, which he immediately presented in words to the following purport: Here, too, fellow-citizens, is another noble old relic—the trusty blade which, at the bidding of the brave William Campbell, leaped from the scabbard first [illegible] reception, Let us give [illegible] the sword must be unsheathed in defence of American honor and Southern right, it may be returned to the scabbard as pure and unsullied as this, the legacy of the gallant Campbell to his honored posterity.

Hon. William Campbell Preston: Rekindled in the grand-son, has been transmitted to us the spirit which gleamed in the sword of the grand-sire. While we have assembled to honor the patriotic deeds of the one upon the battle field, let us not forget the statesmanship and eloquence which have thrown a halo of imperishable glory around the other. In the fullness of age as in the pride and strength of manhood, South Carolina delights to do him reverence.

When the reading of this sentiment and the cheers which it occasioned were ended, an aged and feeble gentleman was seen making his way to the stand. He had once possessed a massive frame, but it was much wasted, his hair was white, and even with the assistance of his crutch he walked with difficulty. This was all that is left of Col. William C. Preston, one of the most perfect orators this country has ever known. He said. "If anything could now relume the embers of a life which, at times in my youth and manhood has perhaps burned brightly, it would be the sensiment which has just been uttered. It touches the objects which are dearest to me. It points to a life which had been animated by what I thought and hoped has been elevated objects of ambition, and to an ancestry, whose memory has been most fondly cherished, and [illegible] these scenes of primeval grandeur, and upon a spot with which it has been the fortune of that ancestry to be associated, it seems ever speak," he said, "I can speak no longer, and if excuse be needed I would appeal to this," (raising up his crutch) "and to this" (laying his hand upon his locks as white as snow) "yet still my heart," (laying his hand upon his breast,)—but the idea, whatever it may have been, could find no utterance, the tears trickled slowly down his sunken cheeks, and bowing low to the audience, who were scarcely less affected, he resumed his seat.

John L. Miller, Esq.—The Washington Light Infantry: The worthy representatives of a glorious name. The flag of Colonel Washington, that waved in triumph at Eutaw and Cowpens, has been committed as a second trust to their keeping, and we can have little fears that in the discharge of this high duty they will fail to feel the summons of those great deeds, and should the crisis come that they will fail to encounter them.

Upon the announcement of this sentiment, a loud call was made for T. Y. Simons, junior, who was one of the detachment from this company, but in consideration of the lateness of the hour he declined responding.

Mr. ———, of North Carolina, advanced to the front of the stage and proposed a sentiment to the two orators, Bancroft and Bunker's Hill, Preston and King's Mountain.

BARBECU AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

When the cheers which greeted the toasts from North Carolina were ended dinner was announced, and the long line of moving humanity took its slow way to the place where the stores of provision prepared for the occasion were spread out. The tables on which the dinner had been laid were erected upon the bottom [illegible] through which runs the branch that sweeps the [illegible] mountain. The space over which they extended was about two acres, and it were scarcely exaggeration to say that the tables placed in one continuous line would be more than half a mile, and it was only when standing on the heigths above and looking down upon the mass assembled, that an adequate idea of its magnitude could be formed, the number of those who filled this level space could not have been less than ten thousand, exclusive of the many who retired to places of private entertainment, and it is probable the whole number of those brought out by this occasion exceeded twelve thousand.

Among these were many distinguished gentlemen who were only there in honor of the occasion, and with no purpose of taking a conspicous part in its proceedings. Of these we noticed Hon. William C. Preston and Hon. George Bancroft, whom we have already mentioned. Hon. James L. Orr, Hon. W. W. Boyce, and Hon. James Rogers, members and ex-members of Congress from this State.—Hon. James Simons, Speaker of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, Col. Wade Hampton, Jr., Col. B. H. Rice, Col. J. D. Williams, grand-son of the gallant Colonel of that name who fell on the battle field, many others, members of the General Assembly of the State, many of the reverend Clergy, and reporters and members of most of the leading papers of the State.

With the barbecue were closed the public ceremonies of the day, and the crowd dispersing, many took the line of travel for their homes, and many retired to their tents for another night's enjoyment of this forest life.

As might have been supposed so large a number of persons could not have been brought together without some accident, and it is our painful duty to record two, which were exceedingly lamentable. On the first night of the encampment, a citizen of Yorkville, named Thomas Palmer, came too near one of the sentries stationed by the military companies, and not responding to the challenge, was fired on. The gun was charged with powder only, but the wad took effect upon his abdomen, and caused a very serious wound. The wad was extracted, however, and there is little apprehension of a fatal result.

On the next day, at the close of Col. Preston's speech, when the salute was fired, one of the guns of the Columbia Flying Artillery was discharged, prematurely, and A. C. Clinton a member of that corps, who was in the act of loading it, was badly injured, his arm was so badly shattered that amputation was necessary, and was performed [illegible] by Dr. J. by Dr. S. W. [illegible] and Dr. Metts. His face and eyes were also badly burned, and though all the alleviations of medical assistance have been rendered, it is still doubtful whether he will survive, he was better however, the next morning, and it was thought safe to remove him to Yorkville.

Among the most interesting characters present upon this occasion, was Francis Henry, an old man, who though too young at the time the battle was fought to participate in the engagement, was on the battle-field the next day, and is able to give a vived description of the scene presented.

The hill was searched of course, for relics of the battle, and though it has been gleaned through many successive years, some were still found; one bullet was found upon the hill, and presented to Mr. Bancroft, and others were cut from trees where they have been lodged for 75 years, and though covered over with successive growths when found, the layers of wood indicated the precise date of their deposite. A bullet was also exhibited which was lodged in the body of a man named John Duckworth, at Ronesaus Battle, and which remained there for sixty-two years. It ultimately worked out, however, and was preserved and exhibited by his son.

Among the mementoes of the battle is the rough stone erected at the north-eastern extremity of the hill, to the memory of Major Wm. Cronicle, Captain John Mattocks, Wm. Rabb, and John Boyde. Major Cronicle it will be remembered, fell at the onset of this engagement, and this stone has been erected within a few feet of the spot. There is also a stone erected upon a distant part of the hill to the memory of Col. Ferguson. The flat rock is shown [illegible] beneath the shade of which he was found lying.

FESTIVITIES AT YORKVILLE.

The military camp was struck at about 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and the several companies of soldiers took their line of march for Yorkville, where still another instalment of the festivities of this occasion was in expectation. The civil camps, however, were retained through the succeeding night, and the scene was scarcely less imposing than on the night before. There was a general breaking up, however, the next morning, and by the middle of the afternoon there was a repose and silence on the hill as profound as that which has brooded over it through the long years that have elapsed since the occurrence of that great event which makes it famous.

At 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon the members of the Press from this and other States who were present upon the occasion, were summoned to a banquet, prepared for their entertainment by Messrs. Miller and Melton, the gentlemanly and spirited proprietors of the Yorkville *Enquirer*. These gentleman had devoted themselves to the perfect accomplishment of this celebration, and as the last act had prepared to solace themselves and their editorial brethren, after what had been to all, a period of considerable labor. Col. I. D. Witherspoon, an invited guest, and L. W. Spratt, Esq., of the Charleston *Standard* were placed at the ends of the table. Col. Witherspoon was entertained on the right and left by Mr Melton, of the *Enquirer*, and by Mr. Wallace, one of the members of the Legislature from that District, and Mr. Spratt by Mr. Gaillard, of the Winnsboro' *Register*, and Mr. Malaly, of the New York *Herald*. There present representatives of the *Carolina Times*, [illegible] of the Spartanburg *Express* of the Norris [illegible] of the Yorkville *Enquirer*, and of other presses, and invited guests. The dinner passed off pleasantly and occasioned a range of discussion upon subjects of general and local interest, which was vastly entertaining at the time, but to follow which would carry us so far beyond the limits allowed for our report that we are constrained to forego a further notice.

The festivities of the day were closed by a grand Ball at the Palmetto Hotel, to which the members of all the volunteer companies were invited, and which did great credit to Mr. Rose, the proprietor of that establishment. A band of music had been brought on from Lincolnton specially for that occasion, and nothing was left undone to render it one of the most attractive entertainments of the kind that has ever been given in the Upper Districts of this State.

In concluding our reports of this celebration, it would be but an act of justice to acknowledge the obligations of the country to the members of the several committees who have been charged with the business of the various departments. The citizens of York were only more concerned in the duties of this great festival than citizens of other sections of the State, from the fact of their greater proximity to the battle ground, but the battle itself resounds to the honor and glory of the State and of the South. Its effects have extended to the interest of the whole Union, and are felt perhaps by the cause of humanity, and it was not incumbent upon the people of this District to take a more earnest interest in this celebration than was exhibited by persons in other sections of the State. They gave themselves to the cause, however, with uncalcula-

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